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AN ELEGY OF A BROKEN HEART

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I

Let the day perish wherein I was born ;
And the night which said, There is a man child conceived !

Let that day be darkness ;
Let not God regard it from above,
Neither let the light shine upon it !
Let darkness and the shadow of death claim it for their own ;
Let a cloud dwell upon it ;
Let all that maketh black the day terrify it !

As for that night, let thick darkness seize upon it ;
Let it not rejoice among the days of the year ;
Let it not come into the number of months !
Lo, let that night be barren ;
Let no joyful voice come therein !
Let them curse it that curse the day,
Who are ready to rouse up leviathan !
Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark !
Let it look for light, but have none ;
Neither let it behold the eyelids of the morning :

Because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb,
Nor hid trouble from mine eyes !

2

Why died I not from the womb ?
Why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly ?
Why did the knees receive me ?
Or why the breasts, that I should suck ?

*The special 'Elegiac Metre' does not as a fact appear in the majority of Biblical Elegies.

3

For now should I have lien down and been quiet ;
I should have slept ; then had I been at rest,
 With kings and counsellors of the earth,
 Which built solitary piles for themselves ;
 Or with princes that had gold,
 Who filled their houses with silver ;
Or as an hidden and untimely birth I had not been ;
As infants which never saw light.
 There the wicked cease from troubling ;
 And there the weary be at rest.
 There the prisoners are at ease together ;
 They hear not the voice of the taskmaster.
 The small and great are there ;
 And the servant is free from his master.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery,
And life unto the bitter in soul ?
 Which long for death, but it cometh not ;
 And dig for it more than for hid treasures :
 Which rejoice exceedingly,
 And are glad when they can find the grave.
Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,
And whom God hath hedged in ?
 For my sighing cometh before I eat,
 And my roarings are poured out like water.
 For the thing which I fear cometh upon me,
 And that which I am afraid of cometh unto me.
 I am not at ease, neither am I quiet,
 Neither have I rest ; but trouble cometh !

—*Job 3: 3-26.*